

THE PARABLE

OF THE

Bear-Baiting.

THE Proceedings by, and against some-Body of late, are not altogether unlike a certain Parable; which, tho I can't at present call to mind, where I read it; yet I remember very well, the Substance of it was this, *viz.*

Once upon a time there was a Bear-Baiting appointed; a great overgrown French Bear, the greatest in the World, to be baited by English and Dutch Mastiffs, the best Mastiffs in the Universe: The Match was made between the most Christian Lyon of *England* and *Holland*, on one Hand; and the most Antichristian Bear-ward of *France*, on the other Hand: And the Wager was no less, than the whole Interest of the French Crown on one side; and the whole remaining Interest of *Europe*, and the Liberty of all Christendom, on the other; in case of a total Destruction, either of the Bear, or of the Mastiffs.

Whereupon the Great French Bear-ward, that Apocalyptick Beast, *Ludovious*, whose Name is the Number of the Beast in the *Revelations*, for the Numerical Letters of his Name are *Six hundred three score and six*: I say, this notorious Beast of a Man, this cruel Tyrant, who retains nothing in him of a King, but the Purple; this Bear-ward *à Grand*, spared no Costs nor Pains, to hearten, cherish, and strengthen his Bear, against the time of Baiting; nay, he sent as far as the *Levant* for strengthening Cordials, and Restoratives for his Bear.

Hereupon the wary Lyon (who is, in his own Nature, as wise as a Serpent, and yet, as innocent as a Dove) sent out Force enough, to intercept all those Restoratives at the *Streights-Mouth*.

But you must know, The Lyon having more than a good many Jackals about him (as all our Lyons ever had,) they over-perswaded him to make a

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Jack-an-Apes Commander of that Force ; who, when the Bear's Cordials and Restoratives came in sight, sat still upon his Butt-end all the while, cracking of Nutts, and making of Monkey's-Faces, and so let the strengthening Cordials pass by safe, just under his Nose, without doing any thing, besides gazing, and smelling at 'em.

After this, you must further know, these foolish head-strong Jackals (being all great Favourites forsooth, and pretending to ten times more Knowledge and Discretion, than ever they were, or ever will be Masters of) prevailed likewise with the Lyon, to make an Old grizled Spaniel, Commander in Chief over all his Mastiffs both English and Dutch.

Wherefore the Lyon at the earnest Request and Recommendation of the Jackals, call'd out Old *Grizle*; (a plaguy Dog at a Bitch ; and therefore in all Probability, well acquainted with the best Kennels) and spat in his Mouth, and clapt him on the Back, and gave him all the Incouragement a Dog could have : And then bad him go, range about, seek out, and bring home sixteen or eighteen Couple of stout, well-bred, true English Beagles with him, to hunt out the Bear, and conduct the Mastiffs to their sport.

But Old *Grizle*, not observing his Master's Instructions, instead of procuring strong-built, hearty, experienc'd Beagles, brought back a damn'd-raw Pack of meer Whelps and Lap-Dogs : And by his and their fawning, crouching, cringing, and wheedling (as Spaniels, Whelps, and Lap-Dogs use to do) and by the Intercession of the Jackals (who will recommend the Devil for a good Artist, if he has but the Art of feeding them secretly with forbidden Prey;) They prevailed with the Lyon to be commissioned under Old *Grizle*, in order to lead and guide the Mastiffs : which made the Mastiffs growl most confoundedly, through meer Indignation.

However out they went under this wise Conduct ; But before they went out, Old *Grizle*, his Whelps, and his Lap-Dogs (for I call 'em his, because, as I told you but now, they were most of his own getting,) thought it convenient, for their better Security, to muzzle all the Mastiffs, and tie 'em fast in a strong Line of *Passive Obedience* and *Non-Resistance* : And as soon as that was effectually done, then out they went altogether.

And all the way they went, Old *Grizle*, his Whelps, and his Lap-Dogs did frisk, and skip, and bounce, and yelp ; being all over-joy'd, that they should see some sport anon : (for most of 'em had never seen a Bear before in their Lives :) And oh ! how they whipt the Bear about, and swing'd him off, all the way, in their own Fancies !

Says Old, Proud, Impotent, Self-conceited, empty *Grizle* ; Gentle-men Whelps, and Gentlemen Lap-Dogs, courage ! here's Confusion to the Bear ; Huzza ! shew your selves to be but what you are, viz. true Whelps.

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Whelps, and right Lap-Dogs; and I desire no more; For by your Assistance I have Power enough to beat all the Bears in *France*. I have been a Whelp and a Lap-Dog my self in my time, as well as the best of you all: And to my certain Knowledge an English Whelp or Lap-Dog is able to grapple with a French Bear at any time: Wherefore we need no Scouts to go before, to bring us Notice of the Bear's Approach; for as soon as he comes within hearing of your terrible Yelping, he will be glad to retire fast enough of his own accord, I warrant you: Therefore Courage, my Beloved Whelps and Lap-Dogs! here's Confusion once more to the Bear: Huzza — ! yelp, yelp, yelp!

But old *Grizzle* had scarce ended these Words, nor was the Yelping quite ceas'd, when lo! all on a sudden, The unexpected roaring of the Bear quite surpris'd, dash'd, astonish'd, and stun'd the whole Pack of Mongrels: Which made old *Grizzle* shrink in his Tale between his Leggs, and hang down his Head, (and if it had been hung up, not a half-penny dammage) and made all the Whelps and Lap-Dogs begin to whine and whimper about him, and fawn upon him, with wagging Tails clapt in behind, lank Ears before, couchant Heads, and Tears in their Eyes: But on the other side, it made the brave Mastiffs prick up their Ears, and drew Rage and Fome from their Mouths, and Fire from their very Eyes, to be at the Bear. Bless me! what a difference there is between Right-true-bred Mastiffs, and whiffing Curs?

(For you must know, the Great Bear was, by an unexpected Hurricane, driven to a Bay, Fresh-water Bay; (or else he had seiz'd, and hugg'd old *Grizzle*, and all his Whelps and Lap-Dogs, just as the Devil hugg's a Witch, before they had been aware on't) and was there confin'd in *Lob's* Pound, and ty'd as fast as a Bear to a Stake: which made him suck his Paws, and fret in his Grease, and roar after that hideous Manner.)

However old *Grizzle* was forced, by the Rage and Importunity of the Mastiffs, to go and shew 'em the Bear; And (to give the Devil his due) he did shew 'em the Bear, and that was all: For when he plainly perceived, that the French were really there with their Bears, he immediately took all possible Care to stand at distance enough out of harms way; and out of the way of doing harm to any, but the forward Mastiffs.

But had the First, Second, and Third-Rate Mastiffs been then let loose, when they were fresh and untir'd; and when they had a strong direct Gale to carry 'em to the Bears very Nose, they would certainly have tore him to pieces in a trice: For he was so hemm'd in on every side, that he could not stir one way or other; neither could any of the Mastiffs have been there lost or sunk, they being then at the Mouth of the best Kennel (or Port) in *Europe*: When at the same time, the Bear was above a hundred Leagues from his

Demi: And besides, there was another strong Party, or Two, of stout third, fourth, and fifth-Rate Mastiffs, out at the same time, to have intercepted the Bear in his way, if after the first Mastiffs tearing him, he should have endeavour'd to make his escape home. Here were all the Advantages, that Heaven and Earth could grant, at once; and all the favourable Opportunities, that Man could ask, or that God need grant: And nothing wanting but Courage, Conduct, Skill, and Honesty, to accomplish the utter Destruction of the Bear for evermore. Never had Spaniel such an Opportunity of losing his own Name, and gaining the Reputation of a Mastiff; and never had Whelps and Lap-Dogs such an Opportunity to ingratiate themselves with, and gain the applause and esteem of all Mankind, as well as of Womankind and Children. But I find the Poet is in the Right on't, who say's,

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurrit.

*Nature recoils; And tho you hang the Dog,
Yet he will die, just as he liv'd, a Rogue.*

For as soon as old *Grizle*, his Whelps, and his Lap-Dogs, espyed the vast bulk of the Bear's Body, the wideness of his Jaws, the largeness of his Paws, and the length of his Claws, (as if they had seen raw-Head and bloody-Bones) they turn'd all as white presently, as my Lady's Night-Rail.

But by the thundering noise of the Mastiffs, and by the powerful help of Brandy, being somewhat rous'd out of their fainting Fit, they began at last, (tho it was long first) to recover a little out of their clammy Sweat: And then they call'd a Council, (as they call'd it) And there you might have seen all the Whelps and Lap-Dogs lying panting round Old *Grizle*, and looking up to him in this time of need, and he looking down upon them again, with most pitiful Countenances on both sides; and all the while making a most intolerable Stink for fear of the Bear; nay, such a strange Stink, that I am forc'd to hold my Nose, even now, whilst I am speaking on't; and to cry, Out, ye stinking Curs! Faw! Out, and be Hang'd! Faw! Out, for shame, and make room for the Mastiffs!

However at long-run Old *Grizle* made a shift to open his Jaws, and held 'em open a long while, without speaking ever a word, (for he well knew, they understood his meaning by his gaping;) Yet at last with much ado, and with as much hesitation, trembling, and shaking, as if he had been in the *House of Commons*, he broke silence, and snarl'd out these following Sentences, to the great Joy of the Whelps and Lap-Dogs; but to the deep Grief and Regret of the Mastiffs, and to the everlasting Stain, and eternal Reproach of the English Nation, viz.

Gentle-

Gentlemen Whelps, and Gentlemen Lap Dogs, I lately saw, when I was so often and so long on Shore in *London*, and at *Portsmouth*, (that the very Water-Men call'd me Lord *Tarry-at-Home*, and Lord *Tarry-in-Town*) then I say, I saw a very good Book, nay which is more, a Convocation-Book, in *Mall Hinton's* Closet, (or rather, Kennel) for I must tell you, she is a very devout Creature, a mighty Lover of Convocations, and no good Thing can come out, but she, good Girl, will presently take it in. And there in that Book I remember it is laid down, by the venerable Authority of a certain kind, of a certain sort of a Convocation, as an undoubted Principle of our Church, (for I was never of any Church, that was for true fighting, no more than you,) viz. That whatever Powers here below are settled and fixed, we ought to pay ample Allégiance, Non-Resistance, and Passive-Obedience to 'em: And you know well enough, that our Master, the Lyon, is not so very well settled and fixed at this time; for he is not yet pass'd the *Boyne*, and there is a deep Water for him to wade through up to the Chin, and several French Bears in his way, before he can reach *Dublin*. But on the other side you plainly see, That the Great French Bear here is settled and fixed before your Eyes: And for my part, I have often found great Civilities from French Bears; and so, I hope, I may again. Wherefore, Gentlemen Whelps, and Gentlemen Lap-Dogs, tho you are Young, yet I am Old; and 'tis high time for me to follow the virtuous Example of *Mall Hinton*, and to walk by Convocation-Rules: And therefore I am clearly of the same Opinion with the venerable Convocation, viz. That we ought in the first place to keep our distance, to consider where we are, and in whose presence we be, and to see who and who stand together; and also to keep to the saving Doctrine of *Non-Resistance*, till we hear a little better which way things go, and till we are fully satisfied what is become of the Irish Affairs: And yet notwithstanding in the mean time, to pay all dutiful Respects to the settled Power of the Bear, (who was driven into the Bay by a Hurricane, and so has plainly God's Authority,) And especially to keep close to our Beloved-Church-Rules, and my Old, Natural, Spanish-Rules, of *Non-Resistance*, and *Passive Obedience* during our whole Retreat. At which Periodical Snarl, all the Whelps and Lap-Dogs heav'd up their drooping Heads, and cry'd, *Yelp, Yelp, Yelp*; but the enraged Mastiffs swore, *Wow, Wow, Wow*.

This was the warlike Resolution, the admirable, or Admiral-like Determination, and positive Injunction of Old *Grizzle*; Whereunto all the Whelps and Lap-Dogs unanimously agreed, and punctually observ'd it, like so many Dogs in a String; and hung down their Heads all the way, like so many Sheep-Biters: finding now by sad experience the great difference, between Bear-baiting, and Sheep-biting.

But

But however the Mastiffs, both English and Dutch, could not indure to be held so long, six or seven days together, by a Pack of shagreen Curs, in such an unreasonable Line, a Line of five or six Leagues distance at least from the Bear, the grand Enemy of Mankind, and from their Duty of attacking him.

Therefore to be thus unjustly restrain'd in spite of their Courage, nay, in spite of their Teeth, by a Company of Whiffers, made the Mastiffs rave, and grow almost stark-staring-madd, for want of sleep and rest; but especially for want of fighting; for fighting is their Rest and Quiet; fighting is their Meat and Drink: A true Tarpollin fight's only to eat, and eat's only to fight again: And there were enough with them to eat up the Bear; and Sharpers enough in every thing else, but fighting; and more by a great many, (tho not by a good many) than those that devour'd the Great *Spanish Bear* in 1588.

Whereupon the Lyoness, hearing the loud-mouth'd Voice of her Mastiffs, both English and Dutch, speaking the same thing, and (which is strange) the same Language, and both Countries agreeing in the same Verdict, *viz.* That the Mastiffs were abus'd, curb'd, and muzzle'd by a parcel of Mongrels; Therefore she rous'd up her Royal Wrath and sent positive Orders to the Curs, either to permit the Mastiffs to fight, or else to come presently themselves to her Denn in the Tower.

This Royal Echo startled the Spaniel, the Whelps, and the Lap-Dogs worse, (if possible,) than the roaring of the Bear had done before: For now, being almost nine days Old in their Iniquity, the Whelps began to see, that there was another settled Power, besides the Bears.

Thus Old *Grizzle*, his Whelps, and his Lap-Dogs being reduced to a great freight, for fear of the Lyoness on one side, and of the Bear on the other; and yet being willing to curry favour with both sides, and to keep to the Convocation-Rules of *Non-Resistance* of the settled Power of the Lyoness, and of *Passive Obedience* to the fixed Power of the Bear: Therefore they craftily and cunningly resolved, (as if they had been so many Schoolmen, or Doctors of Metaphysical Notions and Distinctions,) that they would sacredly (or rather cursedly) observe a strict Neutrality on both sides.

In pursuance whereof, Old *Grizzle* in the first place making his Honours, his Bows, and his profound Conge's to the Bear; and then making his Obedience to the Lyoness, and with all making a shew of praying (but not fighting) for King *William* and Queen *Mary*: He hung out the Bloody Flag, (as they use to do at the Bear-Garden,) and proclaim'd free Liberty for all to fight, that had a mind to it. Fight Dog, fight Bear, for him, and his.

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Whereupon the brave *Tyrrell*, the undaunted *Dorrell*, and several other English, and above twenty Dutch Mastiffs, all as good as ever run at a Bear, (And, oh! that the couragious and victorious *Shovel* had been amongst 'em!) tho they were before almost quite throttled, spent, and strangl'd by being held back so long from their Sport, in such an unreasonable Line, yet now took fresh Courage, and broke the Line, and left the Mongrels behind to their Due, the Line; and ran full speed forwards, and made directly at the Bear with open Mouths; and star'd Fire, and gap'd Smoke, and spoke Thunder, and darted Thunder-bolts, and hurl'd Whirl-winds at the Bear; and so scorched, blighted, blasted, and twisted him; and gave him such Rents, such Gashes, such Breaches, and such Shocks, that they made him groan and reel backwards at their very first Onset: And had they been seconded, as they ought, we should never have been troubled hereafter with any more French-dancing Bears again.

And tho I will hold ten English Crowns to one French Crown at any time, upon any of these Mastiffs Heads, both Dutch and English, against any French Cubb whatsoever of equal size: And tho I have great reason always to lament my own Insolvency, in that I am not able ever to pay sufficient Expressions of Gratitude and Thankfulness to every one of these glorious Assailants; and particularly to the Dutch, because I find, they had not so many Whelps and Lap-Dogs amongst them, as we had; No, nor so many Jackals neither.

Yet after all, I beseech you, Gentlemen, bear with my Weakness, and pardon the Infirmary of my Judgment (if it be so) and give me leave to say, That my main Bett is more especially reserved for, and fixed upon, the brave *Tyrrell*: A hundred to one on his Head at any time; His Name is *Wonder*, a right English Mastiff, and a true-bred Tarpollin; who never gave an Ass-front, and never brook'd one: Who is of such strange Humility, Goodness, and Modesty; and yet at the same time of such unparallel'd Courage, Knowledge, and Bravery, That I protest I have often gaz'd at the Man in Raptures of Admiration; and always thought him a great Blessing to this Nation, if we understood him; that is to say, (at which I know the Jackals will grin) if we understood how to employ true Vertue, true Honesty, true Valour, true Skill, true Conduct, and true Merit to the best Advantage; And if we understood how to pitch upon a Man, that can, by his own private Interest and Repute amongst all true Tarpollins, Man out a whole Fleet at any time without a Press.

But these indeed would be too many Blessings wrapt up all in one; And the powerful Spirit of the Ever-Blessed-Bishop *Usher*, still surviving in his Grandson, would make too good an Admiral for so bad an Age, as this is.

Neither.

Neither would I have *Old envious Grizzle*, nor any of his malicious Whelps or Lap-Dogs, think, That *Captain Tyrrell* is any ways privy to this Commendation : No, good Man, he would have been the only Obstacle against it, if he had known it; for he is neither for praising himself, nor dispraising others.

But yet, I hope, my Lord *Grizzle*, Master Whelps, and Master Lap-Dogs, you will give me leave to speak the truth concerning your Worshipps; who was a Spectator and Stander-by all the while, as well as you; especially since you have made me, and all my Country-men, pay so dear for our standing at your special Bear-baiting; nay, me-thinks, you might out of modesty, (if you had any) give us leave to speak, who are such great Losers by you : And more especially, since you have brought things to such a pass, that if we don't speak now, we must for ever hereafter hold our Peace; for you have bid the last Bans of Matrimony between Us and Destruction.

Wherefore since I neither do, nor can, speak evil of the Rulers of the People, viz. King *William* and Queen *Mary*; of whom, by whom, and in whom I know nothing but good : And since our blessed Saviour call'd those *Men Dogs*, that eat up the Childrens Bread : And since you, Gentlemen Whelps, and Gentlemen Lap-Dogs, have given a pretty good stroke already to our daily Bread; and are preparing not only to devour the Remainder, but also to robb us of the Bread of Life : And to bring in the Abomination of Desolation upon us; even that Abomination, which maketh desolate now at this very day in *Flanders*, *Savoy*, and all the Frontiers of the *Empire*, &c. and would willingly do the like here among us, with all his Heart; and so, I perceive, with all your's too : And since you have only the Name, the Salary, the Sash, the Cravat-string, the Feather, the Red, and the Blew of Commanders; without the true Heart, the Spirit, the Experience, the Honesty, and the Bravery of true English Tarpollins : And since you have acquitted *Old Grizzle* for his ill Service; and have snarl'd and snapt at my dearly Beloved *Wonder*, and his wonderfully couragious Brethrens Heels, for their good Service : Therefore I will take upon me the boldness, (whether you give me leave or no) to tell you in plain English, without any mixture of French in't, That you are a Pack of Curs and Mongrels; and ought to be turn'd off, and casheer'd, every one of you; for there is none amongst you all, (tho you very well deserve it) that is worth hanging.

